SUMMER IN INDIA.

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—
The earth is iron and the skies are brass—
And faint with fervor of the flaming air,
The languid hours pass.

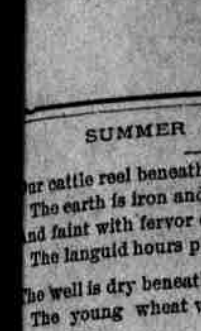
The well is dry beneath the village tree—
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
And the belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly king—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the gods shall bring
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud bank?
Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

—Rudyard Kipling.

HOW ROSETTA WAS CURED.



FATHER DOUNET was a vine-dresser. Working throughout the year among the vines, he had acquired the wine color of an onion. He went to Revigny, now and then, to put by some money, that he might have a good dowry for his daughter, Rosetta, a pretty lass, blond as the harvest field and as fresh as a May morn.

Rosetta had entered her eighteenth year, and was much sought after. She drew some lovers by the hope of finding in her a "good match," others she attracted by her beauty and fascination. Time lost! Rosetta only laughed at her suitors and found much to ridicule in this one and that one.

She laughed, besides, for that best of reasons with a young girl, that her heart was no longer her own. At a country festival she had danced several waltzes with Paolo Laurient, the son of a rich dealer in Ligny. The brown hair, large, dark eyes, regular profile and caressing voice of Paolo had produced upon Rosetta an ineffacable impression. His gentle and affable manners contrasted especially with the roughness of the youths of Revigny. Having received a good education he talked with marvellous facility, and Rosetta was not slow in listening to him.

On the evening of the festival this true daughter of Eve, having lost her family voluntarily in the crowd, returned to Revigny on Paolo's arm. They were at least two hours on the way, walking slowly, and compelled, from time to time, to pause when the wind blew too strongly beneath the great poplars which lined the avenue. They arrived at the village, which was deserted, and under the field of azure studded with stars, exchanged their first kiss.

Very frequently after this Rosetta had met Paolo. Then his father had sent him to Paris, to study medicine, and the lovers, exchanging vows of mutual fealty, sadly separated, and this was why Rosetta laughed at the suitors who came in handsome Paolo's absence.

For the first months after his departure he wrote regularly to Rosetta. Then the letters became more rare, with intervals of a month. Gradually they became laconic billets, scribbled, no doubt, in haste, at the corner of a table in a cafe, and giving evidence of growing indifference. At last they ceased entirely. Paolo had forgotten her.

It was an old story. At first Paolo had refused to take part in the diversions of his follow-students, the balls and brewery meetings. Then they teased him and accused him of having left a love in the country. This made him, being fond of pleasure, angry; but he soon decided to take his part in the play.

"After all," he said to himself, "they have reason to sneer. Why quarrel with pleasure? Leave sadness to the graybeards and profit by the present."

"But Rosetta?" his conscience murmured.

"Bah!" he thought. "She will console herself. Let her go. Perhaps she has already forgotten me. 'Lovers' oaths are quickly broken,' says the old proverb, and why should ours prove an exception to the rule?"

But Rosetta was not to be consoled. On the contrary, she suffered terribly at this abandonment, and many times turned her mournful eyes toward Paris.

Several years went by. Paolo had known how to divert himself and yet study. After having passed his examination with honor, he wrote to his father for permission to establish himself in Paris. To this, however, Father Laurent could not consent. He desired his son to return immediately to Ligny and establish himself there.

"As for the repugnance you seem to manifest for your native country," he wrote, "that is not the point in question. The workshops of Ligny have made you a gentleman, and you belong to the people here. You owe a sacred debt to your country, and as much as you are a gentleman, this debt, my son, you will certainly pay."

"The deuce!" thought Paolo. "Father Laurent will be hard to convince. But I must make him yield. Besides, if I return there, I shall see Rosetta, whom, I must confess, I have treated basely. I hope she has not started a scandal to meet me at Ligny. But Father Laurent would have spoken of it if she had. I shall stay here."

Paolo's fears were groundless. Rosetta had resigned herself to the inevitable. She dared not aspire now to be Paolo's wife. Would it not be a very astonishing thing if the little Rosetta Dounet should become the bride of Doctor Laurent? There would be laughter for ten leagues about at such a wedding. So she resigned herself without anger, without bitterness, contented, when alone, to lament silently her vanished dream, her castle of cards fallen to the earth.

She became pale and languid. Her relations sought in vain to discover the cause of the strange malady that lay so heavily upon her. To all their questions she said:

"It is nothing—only a little indisposition."

The Dounets, however, consulted the most celebrated physicians of the region. None of them could discover the cause of the trouble.

But some good country friend had been behind Paolo and Rosetta at the time when they made their pledge of love. Father Dounet was at last informed of their betrothal. It was to him like a flash of light. He knew now what ailed Rosetta. He knew, and he could bring the remedy.

At dawn he harnessed his mare, attached her to his old carriage, and departed in the direction of Ligny.

"If you are not in Ligny in three days, beware of my anger. LAURENT."

Such was the telegram that Paolo received one morning. He knew his stern father well enough to understand that he must obey him. Evidently the old gentleman was in a rage, and it would be imprudent to trifle with him.

"On my faith, there is nothing but to resign myself," he murmured. "I must return to my country.

The next day he was in Ligny.

"At last you are here!" exclaimed Father Laurent upon his arrival. "But not of your own will. The gentlemen of the faculty may be remarkable for some things, but they seem to have little respect for paternal authority—but we will speak no more of that. Now you are here you will allow me to present you as a future physician at Ligny, thus guaranteeing your ability."

"But, I have my diploma."

"Our friends would laugh at that, or at two diplomas. It is for me to assure them of your ability and for you to verify it. Well, let us learn what they think of you. You shall make with me your first round of visits."

A moment after, father and son were seated side by side in a carriage which was being rapidly borne along by the vigorous horses attached to it.

Laurent smoked a cigar with an air of satisfaction. Paolo, pleased within his heart at seeing his country again, turned about to look it over.

Suddenly the carriage turned sharply into an avenue flanked by poplar trees—the avenue that Paolo had followed with Rosetta under the starlit sky. It was the road to Revigny. Yonder, in the distance, was to be perceived the village, with the pretty houses rising from the river's bank. At the sight of it a hundred tender memories awoke in the heart of the young man, and Rosetta's charming face, as he had seen it last, came between him and the landscape.

The carriage turned into the drive, drew up before the fifth house, and Father Laurent, checking the horses, descended to the earth.

"Your patient is here," he said simply.

Then he pushed the cottage door open and entered. Paolo followed him into a large room upon the lower floor. A cry burst from the young man. Upon an iron bedstead, curtained with lace, Rosetta lay in a half slumber. There was an indescribable expression of sadness in her sweet face. Beside her sat her white-haired parents.

Father Laurent advanced to the bed, laying his rough, toil-worn hand upon the girl's forehead.

"Rosetta, my child, arouse yourself," he said.

The girl trembled, passed her hand over her brow as if to banish some importune dream, and then, as her dim eyes opened, was stupified to see the good face and gray whiskers of Father Laurent, and to hear the worthy man say:

"I have come, Rosetta, to give your parents hope. They have consulted several physicians who comprehend nothing of what ails you. I, therefore, have taken the liberty to send to Paris for a doctor, a young man of whom much good is said, and whom I guarantee—"

He was not able to say more just then; the words died in his throat; but thrusting forward his son he cried:

"Come, doctor, take her again—cure her!"

Rosetta lifted her azure eyes to the doctor, recognizing him instantly.

"You, Paolo! My Paolo! Is it you? And you have returned to me! Oh, if I could only live! You will stay near me? Oh, my Paolo, my delight! You are a doctor and will save me! In your care I shall be saved!"

The poor child was feverishly happy. Bright color showed upon her cheeks. An enchanting smile came to the trembling lips. In that moment no man who had lived her could resist her.

"Yes," said Paolo, covering her hand with kisses, "you shall be saved. I am the cause of your illness, and I will be your cure. Thank God I have arrived in time!"

Six months afterward, Paolo Laurent and Rosetta Dounet were united in marriage at Revigny. The operatives of Ligny gave a great ovation to the foremaster's son and his bride, so fair under her long veil. Then Father Laurent said to the old Dounets, pointing to the happy young couple:

"You recollect, Dounet, the day you came to the office to speak of the sick girl, of your Rosetta; You remember I promised you I would accomplish all!"

"Yes," responded the old vine-dresser, "I recollect, also, the old proverb, 'The word of a blacksmith is worth the oath of a king.'"

"Exactly so," said Laurant, straightening himself.

Extending toward the young couple the large hand of an honest man, he repeated:

"Exactly so. 'The word of a blacksmith is worth the oath of a king.'"—From the Italian.

A Tall Building's Foundations.

As new buildings in this city have been growing taller, their foundations have become proportionately deeper, and now the care taken in the construction of foundations is almost as great as in the erection of the building itself. A striking instance of this is seen at Broadway and Pine street, where on a plot eighty-five feet square, there is to be erected a twenty-story building of the American Surety Company. When completed it will be 306 feet from curb to roof, twenty feet higher than the steeple of Trinity Church and a little above the Manhattan Life Building, exclusive of the latter's steel tower.

Work on the foundations was begun on May 1, and will probably be completed early in October. The first thing done was to sink rectangular steel caissons to fill the area required. Under these the men worked, digging away the earth, little by little, the caissons all the while sinking by their own weight and that of several tons of pig iron on the top of them. Air was continually pumped to the men through a chimney-shaped cylinder. These caissons are sunk from a level eighty feet below the street curb till a bed of solid rock is struck.

When all the caissons are down they will be filled with cement, and on the top of this cement-filled steel frame will be erected octagonal pillars of brick, for a distance of about forty to fifty feet, as a support for the cellar of the building.

The depth and strength of the foundations of such a building are, of course, calculated according to the strain they are to be subjected to. The foundations of this building are constructed to stand the pressure of a building ten stories higher than the one to be erected on them, and, according to the builder, are the deepest and strongest ever made.—New York Post.

The Vessel is a Rock.

Three ship masters lately have come into San Francisco with reports of an unknown bark stranded on a reef fifteen miles west of the straits of Le Maire, near Cape Horn. Curiously enough, the vessel was reported as having all her sails set. A few days ago the British ship Cedric the Saxon reached San Francisco, and reported that she had examined the supposed bark at close quarters, sailing within half a mile of it, and the captain says that the reported bark is nothing but a rock, although its resemblance to a vessel is so striking that when he first saw it he made an entry in his log to the effect that a bark was stranded with all its rigging intact. Even when he approached close to it its resemblance to a bark was so great that he called the whole ship's crew to look at it. A strange feature of the case is that this rock has never been observed before by vessels that have been around the Horn scores of times.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Latest British Rifle.

The latest issue of the Lee-Metford rifle to the British Army illustrates the improvements that have been made as the result of the recent experiments. The "feed of the cartridges has been so improved that the magazine will take ten instead of eight, the barrel has been lightened, the sight is now graduated up to 1800 yards and the total average weight has been reduced to nine pounds four ounces. The experts have reported to the War Office that the effect of these improvements is to considerably increase the effectiveness of the weapon and to still further establish its claim to being the best army rifle in use in Europe.—New Orleans Picayune.

A GUINEA PIG NURSERY.

PROPAGATING THEM FOR VIVISECTION PURPOSES.

No Bigger Than Mice When Born—A Monster of the Species Weighs Seven Pounds.

DR. EDWARD W. LAMBERT, of New York City, whose summer residence on New Canaan Heights, Conn., is one of the most beautiful properties in that pretty suburban town, devotes considerable time and money to the propagation of guinea pigs for vivisection purposes by the surgeons at the numerous New York hospitals. A visitor saw there, the other day, 250 of them, old and young, big and little, black pigs, black and white, white, black and brown, brown and white. Some were scurrying away, some hiding under the hay with which the pens are bedded. Some stopped to look, others huddled together against the far partition, and then tumbled over one another in their efforts to get further away. The soothing words and professional cluck of Breeder Schuster soon quieted their fears, and a little white beauty was captured for closer inspection. Crouched in Mr. Schuster's hand, and having the fine hair of his back rubbed "contrary," he half closed his beautiful pink eyes, and resigned himself to contented enjoyment of his four pounds of avoirdupois pig meat.

The pig house is a building thirty-six feet long and fifteen feet wide, formerly used as a playhouse for the children, and was fitted for its present use about two years ago by being divided into two rows of pens, with a passageway between them. On the east side are ten pens, about three by five feet, and at the north end are two closets, one at each corner, where the stores of food are kept. On the west side is one long pen, about four by twenty feet, in which 140 pigs, of all sizes, ages and colors, were running, rooting and squealing. The smalle pens are for breeders, and here was a two hours' old litter, about as big as mice, and quite as lively, and near by was a pen where fifty of the older pigs were set aside as the instalment next to be sent to the market. One solitary pig, the monster and patriarch of the piggery, had a pen by himself. This Goliath weighed almost seven pounds, and Mr. Schuster was voluble in his praises of this triumph of skilful development. The guinea pig is a sensible product and his house must be kept warm, clean and comfortable in winter and well ventilated in summer. But these cunning, tricky and sprightly little beauties are doomed to a fate that would cause every individual pig of them to shudder if his instinctive foresight could bring it to his knowledge.

When the experiments of Dr. Koch, the great lymph specialist of Berlin, were creating so much interest in this country, Dr. Alexander Lambert became greatly interested, and procured a number of guinea pigs for the purposes of experiment. His pigs produce three or four litters a year, and from one to six in a litter, according to the age of the parents. The oldest pig is two years old. They breed when six to eight months old. Their dry food is oats and carrots, and they eat anything that is green. The easy capacity of Dr. Lambert's nursery is 400 pigs a year. The pigs are sold to the New York Board of Health, which orders large numbers—one order calling for 140—and to the Vanderbilt Hospital. A few are sent to Dr. Lambert, in New York, for his own use, and quite a number of the prettiest are sold for pets. They are sent by express, in boxes holding twelve pigs each, and the prices run from seventy-five cents to $1 a pig. Until the experiments of Dr. Kooh demonstrated that the characteristics of the guinea pig make it more valuable for labratory experiments and for inoculation purposes, rabbits were used chiefly and other animals less extensively. Dogs, calves, cats, frogs and pigeons are also used, the latter chiefly for experiments on the brain and nerves, and frogs for electrical and galvanic nerve tests. The experiments are not aimless, but are made to increase the ability of physicians to cope with human ailments. The data derived from the action of virus of various kinds, the inoculation with germs, the development of pus, in these guinea pigs, are used by scientists in the treatment of human beings, and proved to be of great value. While it is true that vivisection, as originally practised, was regardless of the sufferings inflicted upon the subjects, modern science and anaesthetics have reduced suffering to a minimum. But vivisection is one thing, and inoculation is quite a different thing, and while these pretty little guinea pigs suffer when inoculated as men suffer when diseased, the balance in favor of comparative anatomy is very decided.—New York Tribune.

The following is a list of the dates of founding of the oldest colleges in the United States: Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1692; Yale, 1700; Princeton, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia, 1754; Brown University, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770.

WISE WORDS.

It is always safe to be right.

Foreboding is always an enemy of rest.

What a little god some big people worship.

Doubts are like bats; they can only live in the dark.

Men are often gainers when they lose their money.

It costs less to be contented than it does to be unhappy.

Too many people would rather have glory than goodness.

The man who seeks happiness must learn to take short steps.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched.

Fortune never changes men. It only brings out what is already in them.

"Is the young man safe?" Not while his father is taking crooked steps.

The man who is the least willing to practice is sure to find the most fault with the preaching.

People who are always telling their troubles are never at a loss for something to talk about.

Self-denial is about the last thing some people undertake when they start out to be religious.

No man is truly brave who hasn't the courage to do right.—Ram's Horn.

Trees as Historians.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, but J. Keuchler, of Texas, has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than 130 years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that out of the 134 years covered by the life of the trees sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry and six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall, running back as far as 1840, were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which had effected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than 100 years of nature's history, a history which we might completely decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Great Salt Lake's Weight.

"During a trip through Utah a few months ago," said A. C. Levering, of Kansas City, at the Laclede last night, "I witnessed a most convincing proof of the weight of the salt-laden waters of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake and driving its surface into low, white-capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like flat banks of new fallen snow. If as strong a wind had passed across a lake of fresh water of equal extent it would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of its surface that navigation in small boats would have been difficult, if not highly perilous. The waves there showed a curious resistance to the wind and rose only to a slight elevation. Yet there was an immense momentum stirred up in those low, heavy, slow-moving waves. I ventured into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed three feet, and found that it was impossible to stand against them, as their sheer weight swept me resistlessly along. I was told that it was impossible to dive through an oncoming wave after the manner practiced by bathers along the Atlantic coast."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Remarkable Sheet of Glass.

There is to be seen in the National Museum at Washington a large sheet of plate glass, once a window in a lighthouse on Cape Cod. During a severe storm of not above forty-eight hours' duration, this became on[e] surface so ground from the impa[ct] grains of sand blown against [it] be no longer transparent an[d] removal.—San Francisco C[all]

Mou[nt] ane observ[ed] erla[nd] the highest